

Good Morning 597

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

June is
growing up,
Sto. Charles
Jefferies



She's Turf's Mystery No. 1



Dorothy Paget, the most famous woman racehorse owner, and the richest spinster in England, here sits for her portrait to R. A. KEMP in his series "Secrets of the Stables"

was surely her most expensive failure. ning a race—literally a dead loss.

He ran once as a two-year-old at Sandown, and this is the only race I recollect of his. And it is said that Miss Paget had staked over £10,000 on him—to win! Her colt, Ormstead, was still more unlucky. She paid £5,250 for him. He died without winning a race—literally a dead loss.

Melting Point similarly she bought for over £2,000 and sold for £200. Alvaro cost her 1,500 guineas—not to mention training expenses and keep—and was later sold for £75. Does it all make sense? The answer, perhaps, is that Miss Paget was the most successful

owner in the South last season. Her horses won 23 races and returned prize-money of £6,375. Some of them will assuredly fetch profitable auction prices or prove a lasting investment at stud.

For the truth about this amazing woman is this: She inherited the Whitney millions and the Whitney brains.

Her grandfather was former Secretary of the U.S. Navy; she is now a millionairess in her own right, and she can afford to indulge her love for racing to the hilt.

Her income has been estimated at £150,000. What's a few thousands, more or less? You might shrug at the question, but Miss Paget doesn't. She generally has over 100 horses in training—many at

WE hope you pick a winner next time you go to the dogs at Walthamstow, Stoker Charles Jefferies. When we paid a visit to 9 Blenheim Road, Walthamstow, E.17, your wife told us you were very fond of the dogs, but she didn't tell us whether you are ever lucky.

Both your wife and daughter June are looking forward to seeing you again, and meanwhile they are keeping well. Your mother has completely recovered from her illness, and George, who was bombed out some time ago, has now got a home again.

Do you recognise the grown-up young lady sitting between your wife and her sister as your daughter, Charles? June wants us to ask you whether you like her hair done up in sweeps. We're sure you do.

By the way, Charles, June tells us she hasn't had any reply to the letter she sent you some time ago, and wants to know what about it?

You'd better write to her soon, Charles, or else there will be trouble for you when you get home.

of Miss Paget's losses and too when he hardly knew what a little of her gains.

She has totalled £28,000 wins a season in bets alone. Often unlucky on the flat, she has been lucky over the sticks.

Golden Miller's 8-1 win of the Grand National is a case in point. When he won the Gold Cup at Cheltenham her smile was an eyeful. She helped to set pony racing at Northolt on its feet, and herself won the Pony Derby several times.

Then there was her well-named Derby win in 1943 with Straight Deal. You can be sure that she had some money on it at 100-6! Nor do you hear much about Roman Hackle, which Miss Paget successfully backed to win at long odds have fun with her money!

She has been called "the long-distance steeplechaser, richest spinster in England," certainly she knows how to

DANCING MASTER DID HORNPIPE ON COFFIN

Raymond Foxall tells a queer story

THE story of Thomas Whaley, the wealthy Dublin man, who died at Knutsford, Cheshire in 1800, when he was only 34, is one of the examples that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

When his father died, Thomas—or Buck, as he was sometimes known—inherited a fortune in Ireland of £7,000 a year, and £60,000 in cash. But it didn't turn his head—then. For he was only three years old.

His mother sent him to France to finish his education when he left school, but his stay in that country, with £900 a year as pocket money, became only a mad search for pleasure.

Back in Ireland, he bet any sum that he would go to Jerusalem and return to Dublin within two years, and within a few days he had £15,000 depending on the result.

To do it in those days—and in that time—was pretty hard going. But he won his wager, and had £7,000 left after paying all expenses. This was the only venture in his short life which ended in a profit.

He retired to the Isle of Man, where he built a huge house that was to become known as "Whaley's Folly." It was here that he wrote his memoirs and his "Apologies for a Wasted Life."

In a few years he spent a fortune of £400,000, and contracted debts to the tune of £30,000. "Yet I never found contentment," he wrote, "nor one hour's true happiness."

And then this amazing fellow sums up his own remarkable life with these words: "If a man has been dis-

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

NEWS FROM THE OLD HOME

L.S. William
Collins



WE thought you might like to hear something of your old home and grandmother, Mrs. Redgrave. We found her, Leading Seaman Wm. George Collins, at Holton Street, Nr. Halesworth, Suffolk, sitting by the fire looking at photographs, especially the one of you and your wife, which arrived in January. Chris—you wife, of course—sent this with a nice letter, which cheered up grandmother quite a lot.

She was very pleased to get your airgraph. All this means a lot to her now that she cannot get about. She looks forward to hearing from you again.

Your aunt says you always call her Old Nora, and she doesn't mind a bit. But surely this sounds all wrong for one who is anything but old. We can tell you she is just as perky as ever, and laughing comes easy to her. Why, she even laughs over a heavy Monday's wash—if you know what that means.

Wouldn't grandmother and Old Nora be pleased to see you walk in, but now you are married it's Glasgow you would make for.

Your wife says she is well

and still enjoys munitions work. Your pal, Frank Barber was home on leave recently and looking very fit. We saw a nice jar of pickled onions, and they should be in fine shape when you come along; anyway, grandmother is saving them for you. From across the way came the familiar sound of hammer on anvil—Ray Hammond, busy as usual, making the sparks fly. He says there is always a spare sledge hammer for you, and he would be very pleased to have you lend a hand! But gardening is more in your line, and that's just as back-aching as swinging a heavy hammer.

Epsom stables—and one of her trainers once told me that she had detected a 10s. mistake. TUPPENNY PLAIN.

We hear a great deal about her mistakes, for they have been spectacular. Racing men glibed at Tuppenney, for instance, bought at nearly £7,000. In the ante-post betting before the 1933 Derby bookmakers contemptuously gave it 250-1.

Yet I believe that Dorothy Paget herself named it Tuppenney, in sheer disgust.

It wasn't her fault, that the public turned it into one of the most heavily backed horses of the year. She was astonished when she put it to hurdling and it won a race—worth £53.

One of her agents sold the animal before it could make her too angry. The auction price this time was £300.

For all her assurance she has also been a notoriously unlucky owner, too. Her filly, Blandonette, for instance, always had great potential value as a brood mare. One day, at an unimportant race at Lewes, it slipped and broke a shoulder—and had to be destroyed.

Again, years ago, she expected to win the Derby with Wyndham. He became a champion two-year-old, winning race after race, and was undoubtedly winter favourite for the great classic.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

But Dorothy Paget kept her usual poker face when its form apparently vanished down the drain. Orestes, too, was a champion two-year-old in 1943 and a disappointment in 1944. Is this a one-sided picture? Undoubtedly we hear too much

The Home of a

THEY SAW IT FIRST. No. 3. By C. N. DORAN

Human Deity

FOR centuries the "sacred city" of Lhasa, in Tibet, other Eastern dialects. He made was the goal of enterprising explorers. Many reached the outposts of the plain that surrounds it.

He knew the Chinese and some little preparation for his journey of thousands of miles, beyond wearing a suitable disguise.

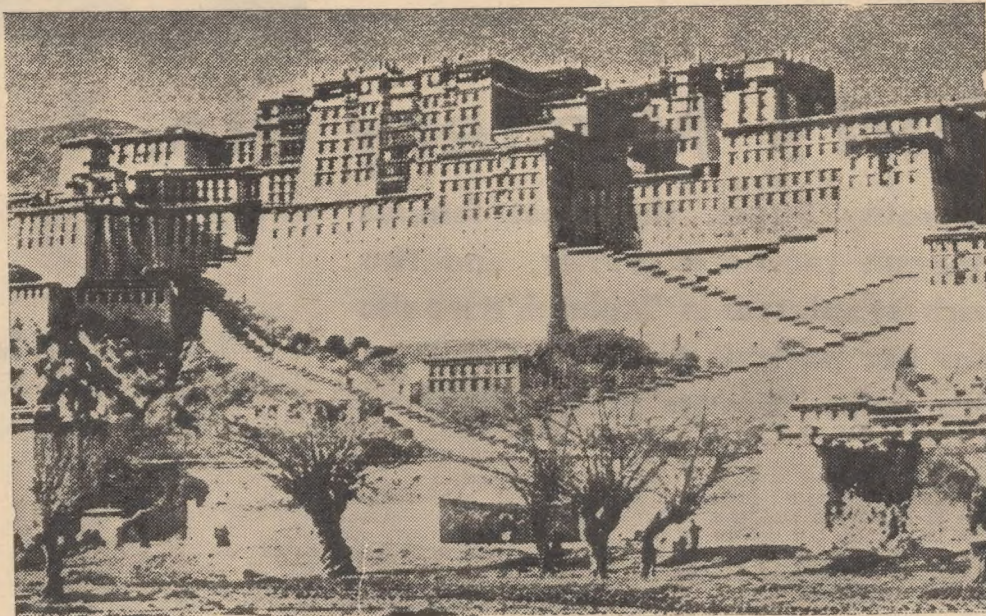
He had no followers, no train of attendants. He went alone. When he crossed the borders of Tibet he was with a caravan of merchants, all Tibetans. The first thing that impressed him as he neared the Holy City Bhudda on earth, so holy, so sacred, that he himself was greeted by the people, when he put out their tongues to him! He thought this was an impertinence, but later discovered that it was the Tibet habit of welcoming a friend!

The one man who can fairly be claimed to be the first to enter Lhasa was an Englishman—Thomas Manning. He was there about 1805.

Manning was not a missionary. He was an independent gentleman and friend of Charles Lamb. He was well-known in England in the literary world. He travelled well over China and then started out for Tibet just as one would take a stroll from Brighton to Worthing.

So when they greeted him he put out his tongue also, and that squared things.

He had many adventures, once being chased by a crowd of lamas (priests) because he cured a chief villager, who suffered from ptomaine poisoning. The priests methods of "cure" was to flog the patient to relieve him of the "devils" who were within him. He found it a bare land in



Where the sacred Dalai Lama dwells in solitude.

Here for the first time an Englishman was looking at the temple of the Grand Lama. It was simple, yet magnificent, stark but grand.

It was massive—nine hundred feet long and rose seventy feet higher than the gold cross on St. Paul's in London. It was, and still is, built of slants of masonry, which were sloping curtains of stone. Its buttresses were vivid white patches, pierced by numberless windows, and behind the windows were the homes of hundreds of dwarfs who sunned themselves at the stairheads.

The effect of this mighty work of masonry, seagreen at the base, and dazzling white at the face and top, was startling.

Daily he wandered about the streets, but always he kept looking at the palace, the Phodang Marpo, the private residence of the incarnate divinity himself which stood four square upon and between the enormous bulk of stone. It was painted a rich crimson, while the flanks of it were startling white.

Down the front hung a curtain of yak hair, eighty feet in length and 25 across like a tress. The main doorway entering to the home of the Grand Lama was behind this curtain.

How did the stone keep its whiteness? Manning was told that it was washed with white every year, to represent the purity of the divine person who was the representation of God—and a prisoner at that.

But Manning had little time to make any examinations. Again he heard that the lamas—though they were looking for him. He got out in time, the first man to view the residence of a human God.

which the people underwent many of his "cure" had been sent and mowed like an English lawn. The streets were narrow, with flat-topped houses on either side, crowned here and there by gilded domes or cupolas. But everything, the dirty narrow streets and the great palace on the left, but the Potala itself. It dragged the man to view the residence of a human God.

Manning was questioned, but he looked so much like what he pretended to be that they allowed him to enter. And this is what he saw.

Through the western gate was the great palace on the left, but the Potala itself. It dragged the man to view the residence of a human God.

QUIZ for today

English humorists whose names begin with J.
5. In what country were the last Olympic Games held?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Will Hay, Jack Straw, Titus Oates, John Barleycorn.

Answers to Quiz in No. 596

1. A Blue Beverens is a kind of dog, cat, sheep, horse, cattle, rabbit?
2. What is the difference between (a) therm and (b) tharm?
3. Who is reputed to have been the original Robinson Crusoe?
4. Name two best-selling

1. Upstart
2. 1928.
3. Owen Moore.
4. Below.
5. 150.
6. Poa is a kind of grass; others are birds or animals.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



ONE of the greatest Welshmen of this age, Sir William Thomas, Bt., died recently after an innings of three score and seventeen.

Though born with a silver spoon in his mouth—his father and grandfather were pioneer colliery owners who figured in the great Coal Rush in the 1860s, when the mining valleys yielded vast fortunes, almost overnight—young Willie was sent underground by his dad to learn just how miners lived and worked. He was made to start as a pitboy before rising to command a big group of collieries.

He sold out for a fortune in 1914. Ever since he has been distributing that fortune with a liberal hand.

He gave £100,000 to the Welsh National School of Medicine, to aid medical students, many from the mine valleys. He endowed gold medal schemes for nurses, and also whole wards and scores of beds in Cardiff Royal Infirmary at £1,000 apiece.

He was hon. treasurer of the Infirmary for many years, and married the deputy matron. Anything the hospital wanted he just paid the bill. The Church and institutions benefited from his princely gifts.



SADDEST wedding-day story I've heard for years comes from Plymouth. The family and friends of a Plymouth girl who was about to get married saved up their sugar and fruit to make a slap-up wedding cake, coated with almond paste and icing.

The cake was sent on the day before the wedding to a well-known restaurant, where it was to be held in readiness for the reception.

When the guests arrived from the church they found the manager of the restaurant with a tragic face and full of apologies!

Another wedding reception had been held earlier in the day, and a waitress had in error brought out the super-cake, which the party had eaten!

Surveying the debris of the famous cake, the bride almost melted into tears.

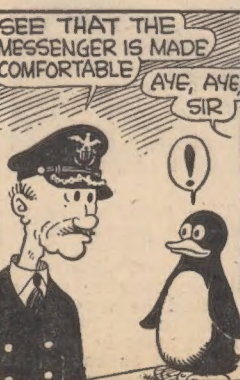
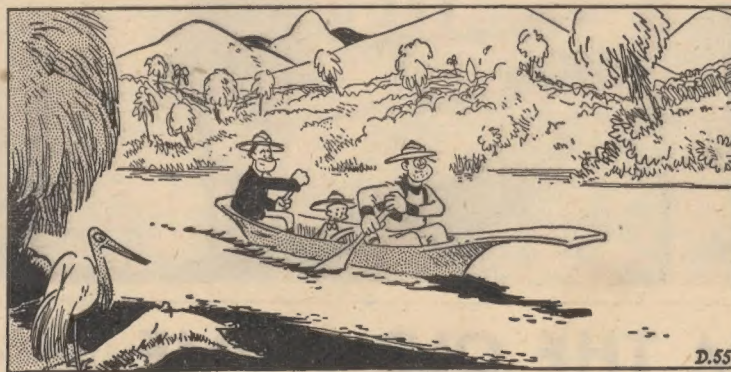
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—536

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: E*T*R*A*N*E*T.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BEER into WINE, and RULE into LINE.
3. What English county town has ISB for the exact middle of its name?
4. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If black men had red hair, you could have a —.

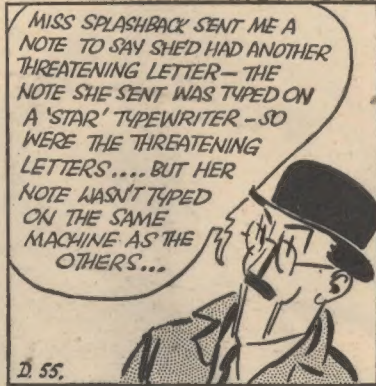
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 535

1. ELECTRICITY.
2. WILD, wile, tile, tale, TAME; GOLF, gold, sold, sole, HOLE.
3. QueENSTown.
4. Right girth.

JANE



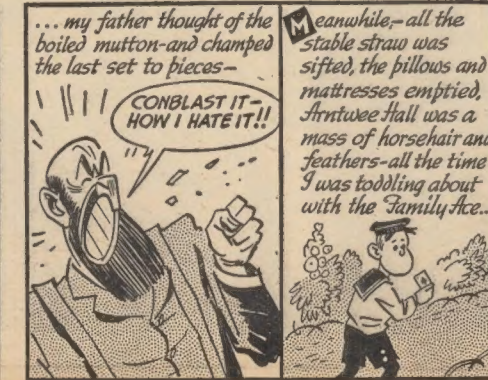
RUGGLES



GARTH



JOE JARL



A Century of Doodle-Bugs

equipped with a bomb-dropping mechanism which worked automatically

USELESS EUSTACE



"And can I get a roll of film for my cine camera? Not on your life!"

These balloons were, in fact, flying-bombs. The engineer was allowed to build 50 balloons, and a warship was allotted for releasing them so that they could be used whatever the direction of the wind.

According to contemporary reports, the first bombs caused panic when they fell in the street. Curiously enough the balloons that went wrong did more damage than those carrying the rather feeble "bombs" of those days.

They crashed in flames, and the fires that resulted were more destructive than the explosive.

Familiarly bred, if not contempt, at least proper caution amongst the Venetians. They stopped firing at the balloons, realising that there was always the chance they would fall harmlessly elsewhere.

The effect on morale was greater than the physical damage done. As far as can be ascertained, the total casualties resulting from the release of fifty balloons were only 30.

MILITARY SCEPTICS.

The bombardment then ended, owing to jealousy and squabbles amongst the Austrians, which resulted in further materials for the "bombers" being refused.

The whole episode made curiously little impression on military experts, although the possibilities of balloon bombing on besieged towns must have been obvious.

In the siege of Paris, balloons were used by the Parisians for communications, but not by the Germans for bombing.

Air-raiding in the modern sense began on September 27th, 1914, when the first German bombs were dropped on Paris.

"HOW IT BEGAN"

By T. S. DOUGLAS

No. 6

On Christmas Eve in the same year, the first German bombs dropped on English soil. But serious bombing did not start until April 15th, 1915, when the Germans started a series of Zeppelin raids that did not end until August 5th, 1918.

The first bombs dropped from aeroplanes fell on London in November, 1916.

The first bombs dropped on Germany fell on Stuttgart on September 22, 1915. They were dropped from French aircraft as "reprisals" for raids on French towns.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Tree.
- 4 Leaned over.
- 8 Heavy sleep.
- 10 Piece of wood.
- 12 Lowest point.
- 13 Strong point.
- 15 Pressing.
- 17 Stitches.
- 18 Full of vim.
- 20 What.
- 22 Coin.
- 23 Compass point.
- 24 Records.
- 29 Sussex river.
- 30 Slanted.
- 32 Part of back.
- 34 Condemns.
- 35 Grass land.
- 36 Needle case.
- 37 Amalgamation.
- 38 Attempt.

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Cicatrice.
- 3 Farm hand.
- 4 Horse gear.
- 5 Little imp.
- 6 Untie.
- 7 Heron.
- 9 Look.
- 11 Falls.
- 12 Figures.
- 14 Counterpart.
- 16 Runs.
- 19 Kind of rose.
- 21 Brave man.
- 25 Deceit.
- 26 Internal.
- 27 Basis.
- 28 Jet of liquid.
- 31 Arab governor.
- 33 Droop.

FACTS CADGE
UPHOLD FORT
MEATY SARAH
EXIT SPIRIT
D NEPAL SIR
C ROBIN S
ARC KOTOW F
MULLET TOOL
ODOUR DIRGE
NEST TACKLE
GREEN BESET

PHIZ QUIZ



Took time off from the Palladium to go to France with the foreman. Took more time off to entertain the troops in Italy—the lucky people.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 596:
Gordon Richards.

TO-DAY'S STAR

BELITA

BELITA JEPSON-TURNER, born twenty years ago at Nether Wallop, Hampshire, has made one of the most meritorious rises to fame yet attributed to an English girl, and in her latest picture, "Lady, Let's Dance," which Pathe Pictures presented at the Regal, Marble Arch, not long ago, Belita has achieved at twenty years of age the peak of stardom.

Her relations and friends in this country will remember her as the little girl who qualified at the age of nine as a dancer of repute, and who decided that to dance was not enough, so she learnt to skate as well.

From here her career is a series of great achievements, and in 1935 she won her honours certificate and appeared at the Queen's Hall and Wigmore Hall. Later she went into training under Gerschweiler, trainer of many famous ice skaters, and broke records by winning in quick succession in the same year her bronze, silver and gold medals; this had never before happened in the history of ice skating.

At twelve, Belita was third in the British Ice Skating Championship in 1935, and represented Britain at the Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, South Germany. It was in 1937, still only 14 years of age, that Belita took leading role in the first ice skating light opera at Covent Garden, followed by a starring role in Anton Dolin's big ice skating show in Paris. Then, to further prove her versatility, Belita appeared in the Ballet Matinee in aid of the famous ballet dancer Nijinsky, and so on to Hollywood.

Now she proves in her latest film that she can dance, swim, put over a most charming ballet, and as a finale to skate with a perfection that British audiences will not forget.

Good Morning

Are dogs as intelligent as people? Or, if you prefer it, are people as intelligent as dogs? What do you think, chums? So that there should be no mistake, we arranged for the human to keep her hat on.



The Bottom Picture—if you see the one we mean—shows RKO Radio's topsy-curvy peacherino, Rosemary La Planche, giving us all the big smile. Rosemary's latest picture is "Girl Rush." Consider yourself rushed, lady.



SO THIS IS LONDON. Where do Cockneys go when they want to pick up a bargain, from a secondhand shooting-stick to a set of brushes for the home? The answer, as any Londoner can tell you, is "Cally Market"—or, if you're a stranger in Town, we had better give its full title: The Caledonian Market, Islington.



"KILLER" RACEHORSE TO BE CIRCUS STAR. Jack Costello, recently demobbed from the R.A.F., saw Minora, the racehorse, a descendant of Minoru, the Derby winner, and bought him for £20. Reason for the low price was that Minora had become vicious and unfit for racing. Now the two are great pals, and Minora, quick and clever, is being trained as a circus horse.



The only picture ever published of "Fuse" Wilson's famousstooge. She holds up the birdcage, and says "Watch the birdie," while our ace cameraman gets his picture! What a team—the Kodak Kids!

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"That was one birdie they didn't watch."

